

T H E

Observator's Catechism.

Question, **W** *Has's your Name?*

Answer, Observator.

Quest. *Who gave you that Name?*

Ans. My Country-Man.

Quest. *Who's your Country-Man?*

Ans. An honest poor Fellow that I bubble— Lie with his Wife, eat up his Victuals, and drink up his drink; cram his head full of Stragern and Politicks, and drain his Barn to supply my Exchequer: Instead of Tilling and Mannuring his Land to propogate the Increase of the Earth, I send him to prog for Intelligence, and propogate Scandal; which, together with his being naturally of a buie turbulent Spirit, may in time qualife him for my Business, if the Aspect of his Affairs, the mean while does not make him turn Wise, before I turn Honest; of which there's most probability.

Quest. *How d'ye Title your self to the World?*

Ans. A Gentleman.

Quest. *And how do's the World Title you?*

Ans. A Blockhead.

Quest. *Are you in any Condition in the World?*

Ans. Yes, in a Shitten one, if the Government lays hold of me again: *Nec non*, and five false Latin Councellors won't bring me off, with the Additional help of a ruddy Whig Friend

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in H——r's Office—— But a pox of the Jest, it has baulk'd the Sale of my Paper since, tho' I put the laudable Name of *John Tutchin* at the End on't— Witness it's being throw'd out of Fifty Coffee-Houses in Town.

Quest. *What did it's Merit consist in before?*

Ans. Impudence.

Quest. *And what has Eclips'd it since?*

Ans. Dullness—— a Consequence as Plain and Natural as the four first Rules of Arithmetick, that when one leaves me, & other seizes me— for when I am abridg'd in my Latitude of Scandal, which is my principal Talent, I grow dull as naturally, as I grow drunk with my Country Man's *October*: Nor has that Power to inspire me with any Eloquence, unless I may join a little Impudence to help it out. Railing is my Genius, and Scurrility and Reproaches, the natural Product of my Brain:— I turn'd Poet too, but having nothing but Scandal to qualifie my *Muse*, *Apollo* had like to've broke my head with my own Stardith.

Quest. *Who employ'd you to write against the Play-house?*

Ans. My self.

Quest. *And who paid you for it?*

Ans. *George P——e*, when he scour'd me over *Lambeth-Marsh*, with an Execution at my Heels; leaving the dearest Friends I had upon Earth in a præmunire— Meaning my worldly Moveables; and rubbing to the Mint, in as pittifull a Condition, as when I left my Lodging in *Southwark*, and repair'd to honest *Will. Fuller* near the *Fleet*, with all my Furnitude and Apparel in a sheet of Brown Paper.

Quest. *Why did not you take Satisfaction for this affront?*

Ans. Even *Sawney's Reason*— because I durst not, having but too lately suffer'd under the violent Hands of a *Sea Hero*, whom I had drench'd in an Ocean of Scandal.

Quest. *Have you any Courage?*

Ans. Yes, but there's no Body believes it but my Countryman. Who believes any thing, I say— and yet I have said as much

much in praise of my own Valour, as ever was said of that clambing *Hero Prince Eugene's*— Nay, I had the Courage t'other day in my *Observer*, to give a certain Person of Note the Lie, for saying, *I was an approv'd Coward*; where I prov'd the Gentleman's Words true, tho' it had not been done before— For if I'd had the Courage of an angry Cat, I had told him so to his Face, and not in Print— But let others draw their Swords— I'll stab with my Pen, and when Scandal and Invectives fail me, I'll appeal to my *Oaken Towel*, a Weapon, adapted more suitably to my unwieldy Bulk— which I presume those, who gave me the Title of *Labourer* had been made acquainted with, it being a Title as proper to my Person, as my celebrated Impudence is to my popular Capacity.

Quest. *What Religion are you of?*

Ans. My Country-Man's.

Quest. *And what Religion's your Country-Men of?*

Ans. None at all— as how the Devil should he, when he has been so long at my Devotion.

Quest. *What are your Principles?*

Ans. Very necessary and suitable to the Station into which t'has pleas'd *John Hew*, and the Republican Whigs, to call me. The old Rebellious King-killing Principles of *Forty-Eight*; Sedition and Levelling, under the specious Name of Liberty and Property, and Power in the People: There's Principles that fire me with pious Rage: To be an Ostentatious Rogue among the Party, and satiate upon popular Scandal; through which I resolve to stand by the Party to the last drop of my Ink. I dare not say, my Blood, for fear *Leslie* should make Treason of it— In short— My Principles are to rail immoderately at the High-Church Party, to traduce the Government when it is not mov'd by those Precepts I lay down, and to throw the same dirt at the Crown, I do at the Mitre, to spare none, tho' never so high in Station, and to stick at nothing within the Verge of my Ears, to explode Immorality, and be catch'd in a B-wdy-House, to run in every Bodies debt, and pay no Body; to ruin my Country Man, and as many of Mankind besides as will be led by the Nose— and finally— to be a very Capricious positive Coxcomb—

comb^d— revengful without Courages, and conceited without Merit— and now, Sir, I have given you an exact, tho' brief Account, of my Principles.

Quest. *Very well, Sir— but pray, how came you to rail at King William?*

Ans. First— Because he bore that Regal Title; next, because he let the Bishops sit in Council; and lastly, because I could not rail my self into a better Office than a Tubber of pickled Beef upon Tower-Hill— Out of which, notwithstanding, I was kick'd for a troublesome vexatious Fellow.

Quest. *In what Post were you in Ireland?*

Ans. A Captain, if you'll take my own word for't; but if you'll believe other People, I was but a Corporal, who adapt my Preferment more suitable to my desert.

Quest. *What were you in the West of England?*

Ans. A busie turbulent Fellow, as I've appear'd ever since; where Jefferies not finding Law enough to hang m— resolv'd upon Measures to make me hang my self— which I had done, had not King James pardoned me, tho' I deserv'd the Halter I petition'd for, and which Providence, by her inscrutable Decrees, may have reserv'd to a more convenient Season.



F. N. I. S.

